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Noted Artist Joins 'Native Voice'



JIMALEE BURTON AND CHIEF JOE SHUNATONA

This photo was taken during a recent "one-man" showing of Indian painting by Jimalee Burton in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Jimalee is a noted Native artist and one of her paintings was hung at the Art News National Amateur Show in New York's Riverside Museum. Her paintings are of nation-wide renown. She has consented to act as 'Native Voice' associate editor in Oklahoma. Chief Shunatona, who attended her Tulsa showing (another is due in April) is a Carlisle graduate who has travelled with his own show even in Europe and has done radio work in New York for several years. (See story, Page 12).

Americanizing The White Man

By FELIX S. COHEN

Lawyer, formerly Associate Solicitor, U.S. Department of the Interior)

(Continued from Last Issue)

Much as Europe transformed the face of America by introducing the horse and sheep, gunpowder and iron, the cross and the written word, the changes that flowed eastward from the newly discovered lands were no less important in modern history. Out of America came the vision of a Utopia, where all men might be free, where government might rest upon the consent of the governed, rather than upon the divine right of kings, where no man could be dispossessed of the land he used for his sustenance. The vision that came to that great modern saint and legal philosopher, Thomas More, with the first reports he had from Amerigo Vespucci and other explorers of the New World, the vision of a democratic society in which a forty-hour work week left time to enjoy life, in which even the humblest worker could afford to have glass windows in his home to let in the sunlight, this vision lived on. When More's eyes became dim on the tyrant's scaffold that Henry the Eighth erected for his Chancellor, the gleam that had lightened them had become a proud possession of a whole generation and of many generations to follow.

Thomas More had seen something that no tyrant and no dictatorship could wipe out. It was of More's vision that America's distinguished philosopher-Congressman T. V. Smith of Illinois wrote:

"Even in the hour of death such a man may outflank tyranny with the flicker of an inflexible smile. 'Help me up the scaffold,' said Sir Thomas More, 'I'll shift for myself coming down.' Who his executioner was you know not, and only vaguely, perhaps, do you recall what the accusation was. But there was a brave man, that we all know—and a man free even unto death."

To how many men since More has this vision of a New World brought freedom even unto death? No despotism afterwards could escape the fatal comparison between what is and what might be. And even those who ridiculed all Utopias ended up by formulating Utopias of their own. In these and many other ways Indian America helped

to civilize Europe.

To Francisco Vitoria, teacher of moral theology at the University of Salamanca, in 1532, the report of "policies which are orderly arranged — marriage and magistrates, overlords, laws, and workshops, and a system of exchange, all of which call for the use of reason" showed the possibility of basing international dealings on reason and mutual accommodation, and thus provided the foundations for an international law not limited by a single religious faith. And when Hugo Grotius picked up the threads of Vitoria's thought to weave the fabric of modern international law, he too was deeply influenced by Indian examples of just government. To John Locke, the champion of tolerance and of the right of revolution, the state of nature and of natural equality to which men might appeal in rebellion against tyranny was set not in a remote dawn of history, but beyond the Atlantic sunset. And so, too, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau and their contemporaries found in the democracy of native America, in the "liberty, equality, fraternity" of the Indians, a light for suffering humanity, a flame in which to burn away the dross of ancient despotisms. In the American Revolution, the French Revolution, and in the revolt of the Spanish Colonies, the passion for liberty nourished by the Indian burst into consuming flame.

Racial mystics among English historians are fond of attributing the traditions of civil liberty in America to reactionary medieval documents like Magna Carta or to the traditions of freedom-loving Englishmen, who had endured centuries of Tudor, Stuart, and Plantagenet despotism. Under the influence of modern theories of race and climate, it has been fashionable to trace the roots of American freedom to the Anglo-Saxon inhabitants of dark German forest, most of whom were, however, serfs. These historians forget that there were free men in America before the first white settlers arrived with their slaves and indentured servants. There is more truth in a popular account of America widely circulated in Great Britain in 1776: "The darling passion of the American is liberty and that in its fullest extent; nor is it the original natives only to whom this passion is confined; our colonists sent thither seem to have imbibed the same principles." Truly the passion for liberty is a contagious thing. The writer of these words in 1776 saw that an Indian passion was infecting millions of immigrants, who, no matter what despotisms they left behind, imbibed a love of liberty and an understanding of its ways with the first taste of the hospitality of the New World.

On the shores of Brazil in 1947, there was no Statue of Liberty with its inscribed message to Europe: "Send me your . . . struggling masses yearning to be free." But in almost the first report to Europe

from the American Continent, Amerigo Vespucci, shipwrecked on the coast of Brazil, reported on the hospitality of the natives: "Seeing that the aforesaid ship was rent asunder, they went out in their little boats . . . carried ashore the me and the munitions which were contained therein, with charity so great it is impossible to describe." For four centuries white men reflected this hospitality towards the stranger, and those ports which were most hospitable became the most prosperous. (26) When, at length, the United States abandoned its "open door" policy in 1922, it exempted American republics from the prohibitions of its quota laws. Was this the product of a deep seated memory of native hospitality towards the earliest white immigrants to our shores?

Measurement is difficult in the realm of political theories. Those accustomed to the histories of the conqueror will hardly be convinced, though example be piled on example, that American democracy, freedom, and tolerance are more American than European and have deep aboriginal roots in our land. But measurement is easier in the field of agriculture. And here the disparagers of Indian life are up against the hard fact that the larger part of the agricultural output of the United States, for example, consists of plants domesticated by the Indian corn, white and sweet potatoes, tobacco, American cotton, all of our common beans, peanuts, pumpkins, squash, ish tobacco, Boston beans, India and tomatoes. Irish potatoes, Turkrubber, what are all these but Indian products disguised with respectable white names? In most other countries of the Western Hemisphere, with the possible exception of Canada and Argentina, a similar comparison might be made between the products of Indian plant-breeding which include, in tropical America, rubber, chocolate, chicle, cassava, arrowroot, cashew nuts, pineapples, and quinine, and those of Europe—even if we allow credit to Europe for all the agricultural achievements of Asia and Africa.

What is important to note is that the products of Indian agriculture were resisted as bitterly in the Old World as were the ideas of democracy, liberty, and tolerance that floated back to Europe from the New World. The bitterness of this resistance is evidenced by the

cut-off ears and noses of German peasants who for centuries refused despite all punishments, to eat potatoes, and by the dire penalties inflicted from England to India upon smokers of tobacco. Down to recent decades the tomato, love apple, was generally regarded as poisonous by Europeans. Gradually a few of the agricultural achievements of Indian America have become accepted by the rest of the world. But is there any reason to think that this process give-and-take is at an end? The rediscovery of an old Indian dish, toasted cornflakes a few years ago revolutionized the breakfast habits of the United States. Today American housewives are busily rediscovering another old Indian dish, frotps. We have just increased America's corn crop by 40 per cent by rediscovering the Indian preference for hybrid corn.

In medicine, as in the production of food and textiles, the conventional picture of the Indian as an ignorant savage is very far from the truth. Quinine, cocaine, caracara sagrada, ipecac, witch hazel oil of wintergreen (of which aspirin is a derivative), petroleum jelly, arnica, all these and many other native medicines were known and developed by the medical profession in America long before the first white physician landed on American shores. In fact each of these products were denounced by learned European doctors before it became accepted into the normal pharmacopia. And it is interesting to note that in the 400 years the European physicians and botanists have been examining and analyzing the flora of America they have not yet discovered a medicinal herb not known to the Indians.

(To be continued)

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Continued from Last Month

By Newell E. Collins

Tecumseh and the War of 1812

CHAPTER II

TECUMSEH'S FAMILY

In our historical records, a great deal of confusion has resulted from discrepancies in the spelling of Indian names. The Indians, of course were largely illiterate—and probably a surprising number of white pioneers as well. Where information was transmitted by word of mouth, the pronunciation was at the mercy of a white settler, or an Indian of a different tribe, whose language might be totally different. The long A seems to have prevailed in many Indian tongues: notably "Chippeway" or "Chippewa" or "Pick-a-way" (Piqua), although this may not have been of Indian origin.

Obviously the early history of every branch of the human family must be lost in antiquity. The oldest traditions, antedating written chronicles, have come down by word of mouth from prehistoric ages and during the intervening years have become so interwoven with mythology and tradition that it is impossible to distinguish fact from fable. Invariably the early records of any people associate their origin in some manner with the deities. The American Indian is no exception to this rule, but the thousands of Indian legends which still exist have not the historical value they should have, for the reason that it is impossible to determine what basis of truth they have. Many Indians had a wonderful gift of eloquence, but unfortunately, they were so given to boasting that we cannot accept their narratives with any degree of confidence.

It is remarkable, however, how closely some of the Indian traditions compare with the familiar stories of our own race. Some are counterparts of well known Bible stories, while others are strikingly similar to some of our older fables whose origin is lost in antiquity. The story of the Deluge and the Fable of the Tortoise and the Hare are examples which have parallels in Indian lore. These parallels help to give rise to various fantastic theories regarding the origin of the American Indian and his migrations to the continent, but for lack of definite archaeological data, these questions have not been answered to our entire satisfaction.

The Shawnee (early Lenni Lenape legend) according to their own legends, were an ancient people, the first, in fact, created by the Great Spirit, who was himself an Indian according to their conception. According to their traditions, other tribes emerged from holes in the earth. The Shawnees, however, claim to have originated in a distant land, beyond the ocean. Marshallled to the shore by their leader (who was reported to have been one of the turtle clan), the sea opened for them, making it possible for them to pass safely to this continent. Thus they claim to have been the original inhabitants of this hemisphere and for many centuries the masters of it. Continuing their story, the tribe finally became corrupt, when the Great Spirit took away their power as punishment. He had given his promise to restore them to their former honorable and dignified position as soon as they should return to the good principles and virtues of their ancestors.

"SHAWNEE" (the correct form) in the Delaware tongue signifies "South," and it is probable that the nation originated in the southern part of the country. The earliest records show them living with the Delawares. From the Walam Olum—the "painted tally" of that nation—there seems to have been a separation which cannot be definitely dated in the white man's chronology. When Captain John Smith first landed, the Shawnees were located along the Susquehanna River, but both they and the Delawares were feeling the pressure of the warlike Iroquois, who drove them slowly into the far south. The Delawares chose to submit, but not the proud Shawnees. They were at war with the Five Nations in 1670—a few hundred warriors defying the enormous Iroquois confederation.

A council of the whole Shawnee nation was called—probably somewhere in Virginia—its purpose being the choice of a destination. The Cherokee had invited them to settle in the south. But the Shawnees were not of one mind. A smaller body elected to remain east of the mountains while the larger, which included Tecumseh's ancestors, chose to go into Tennessee and Kentucky to take advantage of the good hunting there. Kentucky was looked upon as a neutral hunting ground for all tribes.

By the year 1684, some of the Shawnee braves had pressed across the Ohio River and mingled with the Wyandottes, Miami, Illinois and Conestogas. After quarreling with the Cherokees, by the early part of the 18th century we find many of the other Shawnees moving northward again. For a time, a small band settled near Winchester, Kentucky, but by 1730 they were north of the Ohio and established on the Scioto. Here they were later joined by another branch of the nation from Pennsylvania.

BY some authorities, the Shawnees are claimed to be descendants of the Eries, living at various times on the Susquehanna river, on the Suwanee River in Florida (giving their name to this river), on the Cumberland in Kentucky, in the Wyoming valley and lastly on the Wabash.

It is claimed that the Shawnee nation originally consisted of 12 tribes, but records of only four of these have been preserved: the Mequachke, the Chillicothe, the Kiskapoke and the Piqua. When gathered in council, it was customary for each of these tribes to occupy one side of the council chamber. The various clans and families of these tribes took to themselves the names of different birds and animals, which they represented by corresponding totems.

According to other authorities, the Shawnees had five clans or sects: 1. Thawegila (no particular meaning); 2. Chalahgawtha (Chillicothe) (no particular meaning); 3. Peckuwe (one of ashes or dust); 4. Kispugo (no particular meaning); 5. Maykujay (big-bodied, fat).

The Shawnees were a small nation, never numbering more than two thousand—probably less than five hundred warriors. In general, we may consider them as a bold, restless, wandering people, more

interested in war and hunting than agriculture. Brave and proud, they considered themselves superior, not alone to other Indian tribes, but to the whites as well. This feeling of superiority appears to be a characteristic common to most nomadic people. Yet, for all the reputation they bore as a troublesome nation, William Penn and his colony lived in close contact with them without apparent difficulty.

WHETHER or not we concede the superiority of the Shawnee nation, our knowledge of Tecumseh's immediate antecedents is sufficient to convince us that his family, at least, was rather unusual. Tecumseh's paternal grandfather is variously reported to have been a white man, a Creek or a Shawnee. While there is little definite information on the subject, the last is probably correct.

According to one story of his white parentage, it is related that at one time in his young manhood he was called to a southern city—Savannah or Charleston—to participate in a council with the English governor. It so happened that the governor was the father of a very beautiful daughter who greatly admired the Indian characteristics and had determined to marry one of them. She told her father of her intentions and the following day in council the governor made inquiry as to who was the mightiest among all of the Indians assembled. He was directed to this particular young brave, who bore the reputation of being the most powerful of his tribe. The couple were married without delay and the Indian bridegroom remained in the settlement after the other members of the council had dispersed and returned to their villages.

In due time, two daughters and a son were born; the birth of the latter so pleased the governor that he ordered a salute of thirty guns fired in honor of the occasion. When this son was grown to be a lad, he was taken on a visit to his father's people and it is related that he was so well pleased with their mode of living that he had no desire to return to the settlements.

This is the story told by Tecumseh's brother, the Prophet, and while such a fantastic tale does credit to his active imagination, in all probability it has not the slightest foundation of truth.

TECUMSEH'S father and mother with their family, which at that time consisted of two children, were included in a party under the leadership of Chief Blackhoof (1), which moved northward about the middle of the eighteenth century. We know that they first established themselves on the Sioto River and later at the old town of Piqua on the Mad River in Ohio. This old village bore a rather unsavory reputation among the white settlers for the reason that it was so conveniently located that its warriors were able to make frequent attacks upon parties of settlers who were by this time emigrating down the Ohio in flat boats.

(1) Blackhoof (Catahecassa). Was born in Florida and died at Wapakoneta, Ohio, in 1831 at the age of 110. Of medium stature and well built, he was sagacious, wise and fiercely brave. He was



NEWELL E. COLLINS

well versed in the traditions of his people and was opposed to polygamy and the practice of burning prisoners. He was engaged in all wars in Ohio from the time of Braddock's defeat (1755) until the Treaty of Greenville (1795).

We have positive information that Tecumseh's father, Puckeshinwau, (variously translated as "Something that drops" or "I alight from flying"), was a member of the Kiskapoke tribe and was a chief of considerable renown. With his Piqua band of Shawnees he took to the warpath in support of that famous warrior, Cornstalk. This was about the time that General Lewis was sent by Governor Dunmore of Virginia to punish the Iroquois who had raided the white settlements in retaliation for the murder of Logan's family.

Lewis, with twelve hundred men, arrived at Point Pleasant on the Kanawha River in the latter part of September, 1774, after marching nineteen days through one hundred and sixty-five miles of wilderness. The little army encamped on a narrow peninsula between the Kanawha and the Ohio Rivers while waiting for Governor Dunmore to arrive with reinforcements. Indian scouts had reported the camp to Cornstalk, who gathered his forces and, keeping Lewis ignorant of his movements, constructed a log breastwork across the point, effectually hemming the troops in the triangle thus formed.

The Virginian troops consisted of two regiments under Colonel Lewis, a brother of the General. These were the first to attack, which they did in Indian fashion, fighting from behind trees; but they were driven back. They charged repeatedly, without result, until some of the troops succeeded in evading the Indians along the high bank of the river and attacked Cornstalk's men from the rear. The Indians, believing that American reinforcements had arrived, beat a hasty retreat. Tecumseh's father, Puckeshinwau, was among the dead and his body was disposed of with the others, by being thrown into the Ohio River. At this time Tecumseh was but six years old.

(To Be Continued)



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Are Our Indians 'Over-Protected'?

(Reprinted by courtesy of the American Association on Indian Affairs from the Summer, 1951, issue of "The American Indian").

"If the white man treated us as men," older Indians have said, "we would have been men. He treated us like children, so he finds us children".

Indian affairs seemed to be moving away from that kind of wardship. Paternalism, it was hoped and believed, would soon be a part of history. Yet only recently, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs proposed regulations to govern contractual arrangements between tribes and attorneys which look backward toward bureaucratic paternalism at its worst.

These regulations, in their detailed control of virtually every item and phrase in attorney contracts, seem to imply that lawyers are so inherently evil and Indian tribes so gullible and incompetent that a hierarchy of officials needed to cross every "t" and dot every "i" in legal papers drawn up between them.

The proposed procedures are rightly attacked as denials of constitutional rights. "The Indian cannot have justice from the tribunals whose duty it is to give it to him", Charles Black wrote in the NEW YORK TIMES, "if he is denied the right which a thousand years of history have shown to be the key to all other rights under law—the right of representation by legal counsel chosen by him and dealt with by him as his own".

In a legal memorandum to the Secretary of the Interior, the Association on American Indian Affairs maintains further—and we believe justly—that the proposed regulations are illegal, that they go beyond the Commissioner's authority under existing statutes and violate specific Indian rights under present laws and public policies established by Congress. It is heartening to know that Secretary Chapman is unlikely to confirm the regulations and has taken the matter up for thorough reconsideration.

Questions of law and rights, however, are only part of this story. Laws that are oppressive and repressive are not wrong merely because they involve technical constitutional violations. Even more important is the larger fact that when they do, they inevitably tend to destroy the conditions of individual and community life that make it possible for men to act and live with initiative and intelligence as mature members of a democratic society.

The concept of "the over-protected child" is becoming increasingly familiar—the child who, without resources of his own, cannot enter new or challenging situations, who turns from difficulties with the outside world to a preoccupation with parents, a constant solicitation of their attention and proofs of esteem and affection.

Many of us who have seen the hopelessness and the attitudes of dependence that are widespread on the reservations today, the preoccupied helplessness with which many Indians become involved with the officialdom around them in so many incidents of their daily lives, their timidity to venture into the off-reservation stream of American life, the apathy and low level of aspiration that are all too frequent, and the easy turning back homeward to the reservations of thousands of younger Indians—must increasingly recognize these as symptoms of the over protected environment of Indian life.

Those who are sincerely concerned with Indian progress must measure and balance their actions. Protections still need-

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If a native Canadian—an Indian or an Eskimo—ever becomes prime minister of Canada, it may well be as a result of an experiment in self-government which is being started this year in the North West Territories.

September 17 is an important date for the people of the Territories. On that day they'll be permitted, for the first time, to elect some members of the Territorial Council. At some day, when at least the more populous portions of this huge area of a million and a half square miles are raised to provincial status, September 17 will be regarded as the beginning of the new province's period of gestation.

The people of the Territories will elect three members of the new eight-man territorial Council—a governing body having powers and authority roughly equal to those of a provincial legislature. The other five members are appointed by the federal government, and by law the presiding officer is the deputy minister of resources and development. Thus the present Territorial commissioner is Major-Gen. H. A. Young.

The total population of the Territories is nearly 16,000, with Eskimos and Indians—all enfranchised—outnumbering the whites two to one. It is expected that both native races will put forward candidates on election day—giving rise to speculation that in time this new training school in democratic government may produce a native statesman with the qualities of prime ministership.—(Montreal Standard).

Indians Started It

As many of us known, many of our cities, states, rivers and bays were named by the North American Indians all having a meaning in their dialect, also many of our phrases, traditional habits, customs and beliefs.

My version after studying North American and Indian history is that all linguistic groups of Indians had a different dialect, but their sign language was the same.

With the Indian the right arm extending straight out with open palm and thumb up, in their sign language meant "my friend" or "welcome stranger." So you see that when Su-mo-set first met the English in March, 1621, he greeted them that way. The English, not knowing what else to do grasped it and shook, thus forming a custom of greeting ever since.

There is another phrase used universally and that is "O.K." meaning, "all's right." My version of it dates back to about 1837 when Keo-kuk, a Sac and Fox chief, was principal chief of several confederated tribes, who made a treaty with the U.S. government. One of the stipulations in said treaty was that no white settlers could go on certain Indian land without a written order from the U.S. Indian agent and signed by Old Keo-kuk, who always signed them O.K., meaning "all's right."

Hoping my version reaches any party concerned.
 Miami
 —GUY JENNISON
 Chief of Ottawa Tribe

ed by many Indian people require in no sense a degree of paternalistic over protection which deprives them of maturity and independence as adult Americans.

Their immaturity and dependence is a tragic loss to them and to other Americans. It wastes their talents and abilities and wastes our substance in providing for them. The subtle poison in bureaucratic overprotection is nowhere more evident than in procedures which thwart their efforts to help themselves within the legal framework of American institutions. Indian people are standing strong against such abuse, and other Americans must in justice and in wisdom stand with them.

—Alexander Lesser

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Kainai Chieftainship Most Unusual Society

By HUGH DEMPSEY

One of the most unique societies in the history of Indian relations with the white man is the Kainai Chieftainship of the Blood tribe in Southern Alberta.

This group is made up of 35 white men who have been made honorary chiefs of the tribe in gratitude for their direct or indirect support of Blood ideals. The chief member, filling the ranks to a maximum of 35, was Viscount Alexander, Governor-General of Canada, who was given the title of Chief Eagle Head at the Blood's 1951 sun dance.

The Kainai Chieftainship (Kainai pronounced kay-naw, is Blackfoot for Blood Indian) was formed by the Head Chief Shot-Both-Sides and his tribe when it was discovered that the awarding of honorary chieftainships in Alberta was degenerating to a cheap display expected when anyone of importance visited their reserve or nearby cities.

Although the Bloods have awarded less than 50 chieftainships in the past 30 years, it was decided the honor should become an active rather than passive title. First member of the society was the Duke of Windsor, who was named Chief Mountain in 1919. Since that time, 43 other dignitaries have been awarded chieftainships, nine of whom are now dead.

The Kainai Chieftainship has a definite purpose," said President E. R. McFarland of Lethbridge. "It is set up to assist the youth of the Blood tribe by awarding scholarships, school equipment, etc. Late last summer, for example, we presented the St. Paul's School with approximately 100 worth of tools to be utilized in their manual training department."

"We want the Kainai Chieftainship eventually to become one of the highest honoraries that can be placed on a man in Canada or the U.S.A."

Mr. McFarland went on to explain that a member of the Kainai Chieftainship did not necessarily have to be a national hero.

Such men as John Laurie (Chief Red Crow) of Calgary are admitted because of the wonderful work done for the Indians over the years," he stated.

However, scanning the membership list of the society is something like looking at an International Who's Who. Just a few of the prominent members are: Hon. James J. Gardner, (Thunder Chief), Minister of Agriculture; Hon. E. C. Manning, (Bull Fields), Premier of Alberta; Hon. J. Bowlen, (Sitting Eagle), Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta; Hon. J. W. Smallwood, (Chief Peter), Premier of Newfoundland;

Rod Cameron, (Calf Chief), Hollywood movie-star, and Sen. W. A. Buchanan, (Chief Sun), of Lethbridge.

Other members are from all walks of life — ministers, lawyers, military figures or everyday citizens.

The ceremony for admitting a new member to the Blood tribe and Kainai Chieftainship is a colorful pageant of Blackfoot ritual. The name of the candidate is first submitted to Chief Shot-Both-Sides and his council and proposed by two chiefs — honorary or active.

His official standing as a citizen then is outlined in writing, stating his interest or sympathies in the welfare of Indians, his standing in his chosen field, and other such data. During the ceremony he will receive a feathered headdress, which he is entitled to wear on any official occasion.

"Another thing we are trying to do," said Mr. McFarland, "is to keep the younger generation of Bloods interested in the folklore of their fore-fathers. It was most interesting to note when we made Viscount Alexander a chieftain that toward the end of the ceremony the younger generation became greatly interested, and many who looked upon the undertaking as being somewhat stupid eventually entered into the spirit of the ceremony."

The official crest of the Kainai Chieftainship is an excellent inspiration for Indians and whites alike. "Mokokit Ki Aekakimat" translated means: "Be Wise and Persevere."

In a story written by Merton Silverman, in a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post, the author tells of a Western Pacific Railway car which is a roving railroad blood bank sponsored jointly by the W.P. and the Red Cross.

The car has travelled across California, Nevada, Utah and other midwestern states. Among the blood donors was a Navajo who thought his blood was no good. Here is his story as told by Merton Silverman:

"Another was a tall, taciturn Navajo Indian who had been brought from his reservation to work on a Nevada construction job, and who had come to give his blood only because his foreman had talked him into it. In dull monosyllables he answered the routine questions put by the Red Cross workers. He was passed by the examining doctor. Then he rose and headed for the door.

"'Okay,' he said. 'I go home now!'

"'Hey!' countered a nurse. 'You can't go home yet! You haven't given your blood!'

"The Navajo grimly shook his head. 'You don't want my blood. I'm Navajo Indian. Indian blood is no good.'

Chief Scow Brings Greetings To All Natives of Americas

I wish to extend my best wishes and greetings to all the Natives of the Americas. Now that the New Indian Act governing the Indians of Canada has been concluded and is being put into operation, I would like at this time advise all those that are governed by the Act to make every use of it and to avail themselves of all the changes for better conditions affecting the lives of our people. Also to prepare themselves for more amendments since the Minister, the Honorable Walter E. Harris, pointed out that within two years or sooner, any part may be amended at anytime. It is gratifying to know that many powers that previously were held by the Minister in the old days have now been taken away from him and I extend my best wishes and compliments to the Minister, the Honorable Walter E. Harris, and again reaffirm the policies of The Native Brotherhood to co-operate with the Government and the Indian Department and all those who are interested in the welfare and spiritual needs of our people and more power to the Indians of Canada.

I also wish to send greetings to the Indians of Oklahoma and to express my pleasure in the appointment of Mrs. Jimalee Burton of Tulsa, Okla. as Oklahoma Associate Editor of the Native Voice.

In the next issue of The Native Voice, I shall have an important announcement to make.



CHIEF WILLIAM SCOW

CHIEF WILLIAM SCOW,
President of The Native Brotherhood
of British Columbia.

The Best Blood in America

"Well, for goodness sakes!" said the nurse. "Where did you ever get that silly idea? Why, Indian blood is wonderful. It's the best blood in America. Indians have more type O blood than anybody else."

"For some unaccountable reason, it has been noted recently, a remarkably high proportion of American Indians have type O—the so-called 'universal-donor' type—which can be used safely for transfusion into practically anybody."

The Navajo, however, was not concerned with such details.

"You sure?" he asked. "Best blood in America?"

"It certainly is."

"A large grin broke over his face. 'Hah!' he thundered. 'Swell. Okay, you take my blood now. And tomorrow I bring helluva lot of friends. Indian friends. Best damn blood in America!'

On the following day, some 40 Navajos marched in and proudly joined the list of donors."

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Let There Be A New Light

By **BIG WHITE OWL**
Eastern Associate Editor

I think that life on this Earth, as we know it, is like a road leading between light and darkness. Sometimes we find ourselves walking along a beautiful pathway with lovely and sweet-scented flowers growing on every side, and gorgeously plumed birds sing their songs softly to us from among the green-foliage of the trees.

In this dream-paradise the sun is always shining and there are no dark clouds to cast evil shadows of fear and doubt in our minds. Yes, that pathway upon which we so lightly parade and trot our foolish and false assumptions are lined with silken-like carpets and nice warm sand which feels so good to

step on—and our hearts are filled to the brim with a sort of complacent happiness, and false contentment.

Then, very suddenly, when we least expect it, we stumble over a protruding rock and fall to the ground, helpless and writhing in pain. And the whole vast world starts to change from that very moment. A weird and ominous kind of gloom seems to settle over all the earth. . . . All at once we feel so lost, and lonely, and weary! Every time we got up on our feet and try to walk we see all around and about us many broken and charred trunks which just a moment before were lovely trees with garments of shimmering shimmering green. Instead of the happy, beautiful, singing birds, now only and terrible vultures are circling high above us in the steadily darkening sky, ready to tear us apart and fight over our hearts after we die.

Truly our pathway has turned into something horrible and dreadful! It is now a pathway of travail and sorrow winding through the valley and shadow of destruction and chaos. It is now strewn with jagged rubble and broken limbs, and sprinkled with the tears of many men, women and children. When we try to walk like men we trip and stumble over the debris of our hopes and plans. Our hands and our feet, our whole pain-racked body, is wet and dripping with blood. We are cast down into the very depths of wretchedness, misery, misapprehension and unhappiness.

Then, like a bolt out of the blue, we suddenly remember, somewhere in the great and unfathomable abyss of space, far beyond the

reach of all imagination, unapproachable, self-existent, eternal, resplendent in an unexplainable glory; there is "Kitché Manitou," (the Great Mystery). He is the judge and ruler of the universe. He is the creator and finisher of all faith. He is the light and life of all things. He is the unifier of time to its utmost limits.

Shamefully and in a rather reluctant manner we turn to the shepherd of time and space, ere it is too late! We remember being taught by our mothers that His power penetrates into the hearts of all men, so we appeal to Him to help us out of our difficulties—At every move we are being sucked down more deeply into a muskeg, so we lift our tired arms in humble supplication before the holy altar of nature. And lo, we can discern, through the gloom and misery of the past, upon the border of the yon horizon, a new and wonderful sign, asking no questions about race and creed. Everything there, in that distant scene, seems to be so bright, beautiful, clean and grand, to look upon. . . . Bravely, we summon a new strength to stand erect again, to arise from the ruins of terrestrial hopes and aims—Someone, once said: "while there is life there is hope."

So, dear people, those of you who are still with me, let us go forward and meet the new dawn. Let us have faith. Let us be brave and strong. Let us believe in the future. Let there be justice and freedom, love and liberty, for all people on the earth, let there be forever after, the United Nations of the world—Let there be a new light!

I HAVE SPOKEN!



BIG WHITE OWL

MODERN SCHOOL FOR SADDLE LAKE RESERVE

A modern one-room school opened on the Saddle Lake Reserve, miles northeast of Edmonton, Alberta, has been named in honor of R. B. Steinhauer, the first Indian to be ordained into the United Church in Canada.

The government-operated school will accommodate children in grades one to eight from the Cree reserve.

Among the 100 people attending the opening ceremony was Mrs. Steinhauer, wife of the missionary. Rev. Steinhauer died more than 10 years ago.

Princess Mary's Proud Of Totem

A four-foot Vancouver Island totem pole now stands proudly in front of the orderly room of "E" Company of the Canadian Scottish Regiment (Princess Mary's) at Valcartier, Que.

It is the pole donated to the unit by Leonard McAlpine of the Malahat Lookout and forwarded to Valcartier by Lieut.-Col. W. J. Mosedale, commanding officer of the reserve unit.

The totem pole was to travel with the Vancouver Island soldiers to Europe.

Capt. R. S. Marshal of "E" Company informed Col. Mosedale the totem pole had arrived safely.

"Within 10 minutes after it arrived it was standing in the hallway in front of our company orderly room," he said.

"A civilian carpenter walked by and said he would make a nice back for it. This was soon done and within two hours it was ready for inspection. There was one continual parade of people interested in the pole. There are very few men here who have ever seen one before.

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VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Death of Young Woman Brings Chippewans' Aid

By HENRY STELFOX
Rocky Mountain House, Alberta

An August day was drawing to a close, the sun was setting behind the distant mountains to the west of the North Saskatchewan river and casting a glow of red streaked sky which hovered over the Rockies and lit up the Western sky like a faint beacon of light.

A young Chippewa Indian woman, wrapped in a blanket (her body wracked with tuberculosis) was lying in her tent in the vicinity of the confluence of the North Saskatchewan and Baptiste Rivers. It was in the district where she had been born and raised and where her parents and grandparents had made their home, hunted and trapped long before white settlers had come and fenced in some of the most productive land and cut from the remainder of the land the lofty pine and spruce in which red squirrels made their homes and which had been shaded and shelter for other denizens of the wild.

Fences stretched across old Indian trails, hay in the many natural meadows where the little band of Chippewa Indians had previously wintered their horses was now occupied by white settlers. The many berry patches where luscious Saskatoons, blueberries, huckleberries and raspberries grow so plentifully, are all fenced in and claimed by white settlers.

White hunters during the fall of the year come from far and near to hunt moose, elk, deer and bear and leave more dead carcasses (including females and fawns) and wounded animals (which die a lingering death) than they actually take out.

Streams which abounded with native trout, grayling and pickerel before white settlers invaded that area are now conspicuous by their absence and their disappearance is blamed on the Indian, and the sins of the white man (through his selfish lust for slaughter of Alberta's wild life) are laid at the door of his red brother.

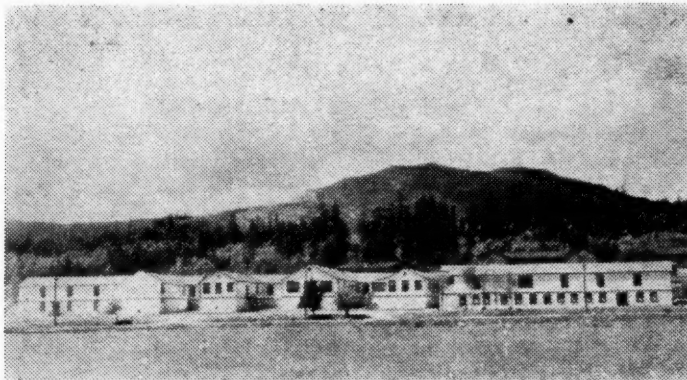
In a secluded spot of the river

valley between the west bank of the North Saskatchewan River and the high bank to the west where the ground rises to a height of more than 100 feet above that of the valley land, the little band of non-treaty Chippewa Indians were assembled so that each in their own way could contribute with herbal remedies, food, advice and supplications to the Great Manitou to help their sister in her distress and sickness to return to good health.

Chippewa Indians are very sincere in their religious beliefs and will come from far and near to help to minister to the needs of members of their tribe who are in distress through sickness or bereavement in the loss of a loved one. They believe that where many are gathered together in God's name to offer supplication to the Great Manitou for their loved one who is sick, their prayers will be heard and their petitions granted.

The valley land is dotted with tents and teepees, a solemn stillness is noticeable as Indians quietly pass from tent to tent visiting friends whom they have not seen for many moons. Smoke spirals from the teepees and many camp fires. The tinkling of many horse bells in the distance where their horses are feeding is the only sound which breaks the evening stillness. Indians meet and greet old friends while the essence of love permeates the air.

Editor's Note: The story above was written in connection with the death of Bella, wife of Frank Strawberry. She passed away August 24 of this year.



NANAIMO INDIAN HOSPITAL is a familiar name to many. It houses 210 TB patients. This hospital was opened four years ago on March 27, 1947.

Bea Scow Takes Us Into Nanaimo Indian Hospital

By BEATRICE SCOW

NOT VERY LONG AGO, TB claimed the lives of one or more of every family among the Indians. But today the story is different due to the effort of well meaning people to halt the dreaded disease.

One of their chief weapons was erecting TB hospitals of which this Nanaimo Indian Hospital is one of the three TB hospitals for Indians in B.C. It is situated on an old military campsite on a hill overlooking the city and harbor of Nanaimo. This building, with wings spreading out in all directions, is painted white with green trimmings.

Inside the main hallway it is nearly H shaped. Lying perpendicularly on one end of the main hallway are three wards, Men's Ward A, Men's Ward B, Children's Ward C. And on the other end are four wards, Women's Ward D, Women's Ward E, Boys' Ward F, and Women's Ward G. On one side of the middle main hallway are the offices, main entrance and the x-ray room. And on the other side are the operating room, dining room and kitchen.

ONLY 35 PATIENTS were here when this hospital first opened; then it rapidly increased within four years to its present number, 210. Their ages range from babies to adults. And they come from almost every part of the B.C. coast.

A new patient doesn't take long to get acquainted with fellow patients and routines. Day after day, we have four hours of rest periods, in the morning 9:30 to 11:30 and in the afternoon 12:30 to 2:30. While it is not rest periods, we are just as noisy and busy. Some of the hobbies are leather craft, beaded work, totem carving, needle work and letter writing, a necessity as we love to get mail and at all times listening to radios except in rest periods. Also a school teacher to teach those who want to learn the three R's up to grade 8.

Entertainers of any kind are always welcomed. Our faithful entertainers are western singers over the air. A patient who gets a visitor once a month is considered lucky.

Medical treatment for each patient is decided by the doctors. Patients are urged by doctors to feel free to discuss with them any complaints, personal problems or anything that is bothering the patient. Still the main cure is REST! REST! mind and body. Every couple of months, we eagerly await

the report of a machine called x-ray concerning our progress against TB.

A HOME WITHIN A HOSPITAL that is what I believe our staff tries to create for us impatient patients. This TB sanatorium's crew is hardly different from a general hospital. Each are assigned different work but all with one aim—the quick recovery of all the patients. Those we see almost every day are the doctors consisting of Dr. R. D. Campbell, medical superintendent; Dr. H. C. Rogers who makes daily rounds to 50 patients with TB in bones, and as he left us for Ceylon, he is replaced by Dr. Smith; Dr. C. S. Gamble who prefers to make his rounds to patients with TB in lungs, and Dr. A. H. Baker who usually makes his rounds to all the patients in the evening.

Now we come to the people who keep us in bed at rest period—they are the nurses and the men have some orderlies. It is said that their salary is a little higher than the general hospital's. The ward maids in blue uniforms are mainly Indians. The rest we see every now and then but we know they do just as much. And may they all continue to find ways and means to speed our recovery.

In addition to our regular staff, are bone specialists from Vancouver, Dr. D. E. Starr and Dr. C. S. Allen. They come every couple of months and perform operations if need be. Others are Dr. W. Ewert, the most feared man for he either pulls or drills teeth; and then Dr. V. Marvin, an eye doctor.

THE COST OF RUNNING this hospital is shouldered by the Department of National Health and Welfare. All this hospital's equipment is up to date. Just recently, a new x-ray machine was installed at a cost of \$15,000, though I think we could stand some good new beds.

TB seals that you buy keep us supplied with instructive literature regarding TB. They also gave us a moving picture projector 16 mm. with sound which is certainly enjoyed by us.

WE ARE VERY FORTUNATE to have such understanding and helpful people such as Mrs. Agnus

(Continued on Page 11)

For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus. Who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time. —1 Tim. 2:5,6

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"Suffer Little Children To Come Unto Me"

By MAISIE ARMYTAGE-MOORE

On my last visit to Victoria, I was invited by the Reverend Father Bradley to drive out to Central Saanich to see Tsartlip Consolidated Indian Day School on the Reserve.

The Principal, Sister Mary Socorro is assisted by Sister Mary Sienna, and Sister Mary David, who belong to the order of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. They are Teaching Sisters and all University graduates. The headquarters of this order is in Hollywood, California which is the headquarters of the American Foundation. This order of Teaching Sisters originated in Spain.

The school is a beautiful modern building completely faced with glass, looking out on a magnificent view. The class rooms are bright and air-conditioned; the color scheme perfect. Large bowls of gaily colored flowers add an air of sunshine and brightness.

The happy childish faces tell

the story more than words. With charming discipline, they politely arose to greet me. The Sisters encourage them in their Native art and culture. Sister Mary Socorro told me they were eager to learn when they overcame their shyness. Attending this school are 70 children in grades 1 to 6 from the ages of 6 to 14.

Attending St. Ann's Academy and St. Louis College in Victoria are 14 children from this school in grades 7 to 11.

I was particularly impressed by the happiness in the faces of the children. They were neat and polite and as I entered each classroom, they arose to welcome me.

When we reached the teeny weeny ones, a bright-eyed little mite, when told to say how do you do, rushed and threw her arms around her beloved teacher, giggling and hiding her baby face. Sister explained that it was dancing time and they were excited.

Afterwards, Father Bradley informed me that the Mother General in Hollywood had herself visited this school and has taken a keen interest in the welfare of the British Columbia Native people. She has offered, without cost, to send one graduate nursing Sister and one specialized social worker Sister to carry on the work in helping to better the conditions in health and welfare of the British Columbia Native people.

The principal, Sister Mary Socorro comes from Mexico and was educated in California. She is assisted by Sister Mary Sienna and Sister Mary David. Teaching is their life's work and one can see they love their work and their pupils in an atmosphere of happy surroundings and charming discipline. Teachers who love their work are essential in the training of a child, they are taught the spiritual as well as the practical side of life. Lucky little Indian children to be surrounded with all this beauty and to be given these advantages.

May we have many more such schools in British Columbia to help our great Native Canadians to grow up to be good, fine citizens of this great Dominion.

Alberta Crops Suffer Damage

Crops on Indian reserves in Alberta have suffered considerable damage as the result of early snow storms. Most crops were too green for harvesting when the snow storms struck and much will be suitable only for feed.

On the Blood Reserve, less than 20,000 of the 50,000 acres of crop were cut before the storm, while Hobbema, Edmonton and Saddle Lake agencies reported binders have been used to get about 50 percent of the crops in stook. Crops on the Sarcee reserve are said to be a total loss, unless some can be collected later for feed.

As the result of these losses, many tribes are expected to draw on their band funds, built up this year by excellent cattle prices and oil royalties.

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Notes from the Office

CHIEF WILLIAM SCOW was in town from Alert Bay to attend the Executive meeting of the Brotherhood.

MR. JOHNSON RUSS, vice-president of the Native Brotherhood, from the Nass, paid us a visit. Mr. Russ attended the Executive meeting of the Brotherhood.

CREEK INDIANS INVITED TO GEORGIA DEDICATION

OKMULGEE — The Creek Indians may accept an invitation to to help dedicate the Okmulgee national monument at Macon, Ga., in October, commemorating the original inhabitants of that section of America.

One of the Creek tribe's last homes before being removed to Indian Territory was Okmulgee Village, situated on the Okmulgee River, more than 100 years ago.

John Davis is the present chief of the Creeks. The Okmulgee national monument will compare in size to any museum building under the National Park service. It has 51 dioramas, and pictorial exhibits.

ALWAYS FIND THEM

A boatman ran a ferry across a mountain stream full of whirlpools and rapids. During a crossing in which the frail craft was tossed hither and yon by the swirling waters, a timid lady in the boat asked whether any passengers ever were lost in the river.

"Never," the boatman reassured her. "We always find them again, the next day."

MR. CALEB WILLIAMS, vice-president of the Native Brotherhood, from Bella Bella, called to see us as did Vice-President William Parscal of Creekside.

WE EXTEND GREETINGS and best wishes for a speedy recovery to our beloved and respected brother Chief Paul Dick of Creekside who is very ill and is now at Coleetza Indian hospital at Sardis.

MR. DAN ASSU, vice-president DID NOT call in and say "Howdy Eh Dan. We miss your cheery breezy visits and advice to The Native Voice as director. Mrs. Dan Assu accompanied her husband and they left Saturday for the home at Cape Mudge.

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Beloved Native Lady Passes

Alert Bay Mourns Death of Mrs. Cook

Mrs. Jane Constance Cook, beloved wife of Stephen Cook, died at Alert Bay, British Columbia, in her eighty-second year on October 16, 1951. She leaves to survive her three daughters, Mrs. Emma Kenmuir, Mrs. Winnifred Bell, and Mrs. Pearl Mountain and five sons, Reginald, Cyril, Gilbert, Herbert and Christopher, fifty grandchildren and twenty-six great grandchildren, one sister Mrs. Michael Kamano and many nieces and nephews.

In addition to her relatives, hundreds of friends, white and natives mourn her passing up and down the coast from the Queen Charlotte Islands, Port Simpson, Prince Rupert, Bella Coola, Bella Bella, Fort Rupert, Vancouver and Victoria. British Columbia has lost one of its most colorful links with the past.

This great Christian Native Lady fought for the freedom of the natives of B.C. This outstanding woman, as secretary and interpreter for her people of the Kwakiutl Agency, Alert Bay district, B.C., represented them as member of allied tribes of British Columbia in their long fight for justice, fighting shoulder to shoulder with native brothers.

A life-long member of the Church of England, she was educated at Alert Bay by the famous pioneer missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. M. Her Christian life was an example to all, both whites and natives, since she was 15 years of age. She nursed the sick, comforted and helped her people to overcome the terrible conditions forced on them by the coming of the white settlers in the wild pioneer days of British Columbia. Kindly, understanding Mrs. Cook generously gave of her love and wisdom to her people. Always, she had faith that some day British justice she honored would prevail and give her people equality that was their right as owners of this country. One day she reasoned was unfair and just, that was, "Why should an

Indian have to become enfranchised to gain citizenship and vote, when any British subject coming to this country automatically voted without enfranchisement? Only subjects, foreign to British soil, must become enfranchised before voting and the Indian was placed in this category."

Married at 15, she had 16 children, eight now survive her. Many of her sons and grandsons and nephews served in two world wars. Her beloved son Edwin gave his life in the First World War. She bore her sorrows bravely, her faith in her Father in Heaven carried her through her sorrow.

Mrs. Cook's father was Captain Gilbert, a rugged English sea captain, a great Christian gentleman who traded along the Pacific Coast in the days of Governor Douglas. Her mother came from Fort Rupert, the daughter of a powerful hereditary chief — chief of three tribes. One of her family names was Wonook, meaning the possessor of a river. The Indian name for Fort Rupert was "Tsakis," a spiritual bird even more powerful than the Thunder Bird and seldom spoken of because of his great power.

Tsakis was the legendary founder of Mrs. Cook's family. The legend said that before he became human, Tsakis waltzed like a sand bird up and down the beach of Fort Rupert, and that is why the Indians called Fort Rupert Tsakis.

Her grandfather was hereditary chief of Fort Rupert (Tsakis); Quatsano (Koskemug); Knight's Inlet (Denahaski). When her mother was a girl of 19, an Indian who was a stranger to the Rupert tribe had committed a murder, according to the white's idea, and took refuge with the Fort Rupert tribe. A warship was sent to ask the Fort Rupert tribe to surrender him. This they refused to do, although he did not belong to their tribe. The commander demanded surrender and started to search but the native woman went into the old Hudson Bay Fort, sat down, spread their native blankets and hid the chief under their blankets. Later some of the chiefs, including the head chief, Mrs. Cook's grand-



MRS. JANE CONSTANCE COOK
Irreparable Loss to Alert Bay.

father, were taken to Victoria to be tried and punished—Governor Douglas released them. Mrs. Cook's mother followed her father to Victoria and when there met Captain Gilbert, and they were married.

Her father gave her a Christian upbringing. She gave up her hereditary rights as chieftain to her nephew. Her long life was devoted to the service of her people.

Calm, serene dignified, a tower of strength to all who knew her, her loss is irreparable—there is no

one to take her place. It is hard to think of Alert Bay without her, but one thing is certain, her memory will never die. Her teachings and work will live like a great shining beacon to guide us in the years to come, a great noble lady has gone to her rest.

The Native Voice extends deepest sympathy to Mr. Stephen Cook and family in their great loss in the death of our great leader, Mrs. Jane Constance Cook, Mother of Alert Bay.

Charlie Williams Dies In Accident

Charlie Williams of Soloose Indian Reserve, Lower Nicola, died the result of injuries received in an automobile accident recently.

He was the son of the late and famous Chief Johnny Chilliheeta. The deepest sympathy goes out to the family in its loss.

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Achievement Award Won By Mohawk Sioux Indian

Louis R. Bruce, Jr., a Mohawk-Sioux Indian, is the winner of the 1951 Indian Achievement Award presented annually by the Indian Council Fire, Whitney E. Powless, president, announced last month.

Mr. Bruce was born on the Onondaga Reservation in New York State. His father is a noted Mohawk minister who is pastor in a white parish of three churches after having served for a number of years on the Onondaga and St. Regis reservations.

Mr. Bruce worked his way through school and through the University of Syracuse where he specialized in business administration. From 1935-41 he was New York State director of Indians under the National Youth Administration. His basic desire was to help Indian young people prepare themselves for competition with the white race, and his work was particularly successful because he employed only Indians as supervisors or secretaries. Under his direction, work projects were maintained on every New York reservation, and committees were established in surrounding communities that would work with Indian groups for the promotion of goodwill. A number of community centres were built on Indian reservations with Indian labor.

As the owner of two farms, one of 600 acres and one of 162 acres, he is active in farm organizations and has created much interest in

the state in the need for organizations to promote programs for rural youth. He helped to organize the New York Youth Council program and was elected president in 1943. In that capacity, he organized young farm people in 28 sections of the state. As a director of the Farm Bureau Soil Conservation district and the County Rural Policy Committee he has done much to improve local farm conditions.

Mr. Bruce is now director of the Young Cooperator Youth Program for the Dairymen's League Co-operative Association. In addition, he holds a number of honorary or official posts in various farm groups. He is a board member of the New York State Indian Schools and the State Council of Churches; vice-chairman, secretary of Interior Chapman's Advisory Committee on American Indians; chairman, American Indian Committee, National Boy Scouts of America, and chairman of the business committee and legislative director of the National Congress of American Indians.

About two years ago, he authored an article appearing in the American Magazine and later reprinted in Reader's Digest on "What America Means to Me." As a result of this article, he was the winner of the Freedoms Foundation award for "outstanding contribution in promoting the American way of life." This award was presented at Valley Forge by Gen. Eisenhower.

The Indian Achievement award is presented by the Indian Council Fire in recognition of Indian Achievement, either personal or of benefit to Indians or others, or for humanitarian effort. Mr. Bruce was elected by the committee award of nine individuals for his outstanding career in the business world, and for his efforts in behalf of Indian young people, especially, and Indians in general.

Mr. Bruce is the first business man and the second Mohawk to win the award. The other Mohawk is Dr. L. Rosa Minoka Hill, woman physician who has lived for many years among the Oneida Indians of Wisconsin.

At a large medical conference, one ambitious doctor leaned close to the one beside him and asked: "Where did Dr. Smith make his fortune?"

The reply was brief, "Stork market."

Manitoba Natives Ask New Royal Commission

WINNIPEG.—Demands for a royal commission to investigate Indian administration will be presented to the federal government, the Manitoba Indian Association said recently.

The association, comprised of chiefs and councillors from reservations in Manitoba and Ontario, has engaged legal counsel to prepare and present their case.

They seek hunting and fishing privileges, agricultural assistance, absolute jurisdiction over the harvesting of wild rice and less control by Indian agents. However, the principal task of the royal commission would be to settle the question of "disputed lands" that once belonged to the Indians.

The association said it would forward grievances to members of the House of Commons and later send a deputation to confer with Walter E. Harris, minister of citizenship and immigration.

"Mekezequay" Name For First White Sister

Fort Frances.—In a colorful ritual, a U.S. white woman was recently made a member of the Chippewa Indian tribe Manitou Reservation.

The ceremony was near Emo, about 30 miles east of here. More than 1,000 persons attended.

The tribesmen conferred the honor of Mrs. Katherine L. Fitch of Harrisburg, Pa., in recognition of her long friendship with the Indians of the United States and Canada. Mrs. Fitch has for many years carried on welfare programs and promoted sale of native handicrafts and articles.

The ceremony took place on the banks of the Rainy River beside the Manitou Rapids. Jim Horton, chief of the tribe, smoked the peace pipe during the meditation period. Chief Benjamin Odawa Littlecreek of Itasca State Park, Minn., assisted in the rites.

Mrs. Fitch was named "Mekezequay," meaning Giver of Life, Messenger of the Four Corners of the Earth.

She is the first American woman to be made a member of the tribe.

In accepting the honor, Mrs. Fitch said to the white people gathered: "Remember (the Indians) are the first Americans and you second. Love, cherish and respect them."



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Statement Issued By Dr. Peter Kelly

The Reverend Dr. Peter Kelly called in at the office of the Native Voice on the 24th day of October, 1951 and gave the following statement to be published in The Native Voice:

On Friday, the 19th of October, I met the Honourable Gordon Wiseman, Attorney General of British Columbia, and the Honourable Ian Gates, Minister of Labour, and I discussed with them the matter of the Old Age Pension for the Indians of British Columbia. Unqualified assurance was given to me that in the both groups from 60 to 69, where a means test is necessary, and from 70 up that the Indians will be treated exactly on the same basis as the other citizens of the province, where the province pays the extra \$10.00 bonus in either group or both, the Indians will receive that.

Regarding the matter of the Indians having the right to enter Beer Parlors under Section 93 to of the Indian Act the Provincial Government has to make a Proclamation to make it effective in this province. It must be clear understood, as this is a Federal law which became effective on the 4th of September last, it does go into effect in any province until that province has made that Proclamation, and in British Columbia the Government, up to date, has not made that Proclamation.

After discussing with them the friendships that it has brought to the Indians of this province, who think that after the 4th of September last, they had the right to come to beer in the Beer Parlors, and who have had the misfortune of being arrested and fined when they came out of the Beer Parlors. The Attorney General with the Honourable Captain Gates both agreed that this Proclamation would be made immediately so that this Section of the Indian Act will become law in this province.

It is to be hoped that this will bring about the desired effect in connection with this Section of the Indian Act. The proper thing to have the Indians of this province treated exactly as the rest of the other citizens of the province are treated under the British Columbia Liquor Act. Since no provision is made in the Indian Act, this is as far as the province

can go at present. This is clearly understood but the time is coming, very soon, when a more liberal treatment of the Indians of this province will become necessary.

REV. P. R. KELLY, D.D.

NANAIMO HOSPITAL

(Continued from Page 7)

Beattie and Dr. Campbell. They have been with this hospital since it opened and it was they who helped and supplied me the information for this article.

Mrs. Beattie is a secretary and as busy as she is, she edits the hospital's Kabeyun which comes out every four months. Kabeyun keeps us informed about the other patients, staff and everything that goes around here.

One can never over estimate what Dr. Campbell has done for this hospital. And this is how he would like the relatives and friends to co-operate:

"We would like relatives to write patients as often as possible, making their letters cheerful; also to send a little money so that patients can buy from the canteen man. When it is known someone has TB in the family, friends should persuade this person to come to hospital immediately."

And when the patients are discharged:

"The relatives should see that the patient gets two hours rest each day in bed for six months at least: see that an x-ray is taken when the hospital advises; and have the patient see a doctor if he becomes sick."

DO NOT PITY A PERSON advised to go to a TB hospital but encourage them, for they have nothing to fear. Death rate within four years is only 44 TB and 13 non-TB. These deaths could not have been prevented as they came in at their worst stage where nothing could be done for them. In comparison, discharges are high: 527 (284 and 243 non-TB).

Approximately 500 B.C. Indians are hospitalized with TB (Miller Bay Hosp., 160; Coqualeetza Indian Hosp., 100; Nanaimo Indian Hosp., 210). It will continue to be so as there are some 200 known TB cases scattered in B.C. coast. And many of them refuse to go to hospitals.

Assistance by the way of relief is given a TB patient's family if they need it through their Indian Agent to which the Indian belongs. And when this patient is discharged a special TB ration is given while the patient is regaining strength at home.

Despite all the progress made against TB, help from every one of you is still needed to completely eradicate TB before it has a chance to undo all the work done.

FAIR PLAY

Ed Begley saw a friend sit down to a table with a deck of cards and a pistol. "What's the idea?" Ed asked.

"When I play solitaire," the pal said grimly, "nobody cheats!"

Trees Of The Northland

By MISS LEILA TODD

The grey pine speaks, "Ere the white man came,
Claiming, 'this land is mine'
The Indian made me his lodge—pole,
Called me the long-pole pine."

The voice of the spruce comes sighing,
"Chilly the night winds blow;
Men cut my boughs to make them beds
By the flickering camp-fire's glow."

Deep is the voice of the cedar,
"Hardy and tough and true,
The Redskin hollowed my trunk with fire
To fashion his war canoe."

The birch, "I am free as the cloud is free,
Swift as a seabird's wings.
Over the waters I glide, I glide
To the song that my paddle sings."

"Fir and cedar and hemlock,
Balsam and spruce and pine,
Ask that thou treat us fairly
Now that the land is thine."

Seattle Readers Say Hello

The Native Voice,

Dear Editor:

Thanks for the Native Voice. Very nice news. My wife also reads it and she enjoys every bit of it.

I have received some very nice letters from Percy Two Gun who is in the Charles Cammell Hospital in Edmonton, Alberta. I am sending Percy some States cigarettes as he said he would be glad to get them. He is a very fine artist. We are so glad to receive his letters and always write to him right away. We think he is very nice. He expects to be home around New Year's. That will be wonderful and his family will be so glad

to see him.

I hope to come up to your city some time. I was going to come last month but we had some bad breaks. First, the water pipe broke and we had to instal new copper pipe. Then the new heater in the bathroom. So you see, we just could not come to Vancouver.

Best kind wishes to all the fine Indians all over Canada, and to my good friend Jimmy Antoine from up in Vanderhoof. We wish he would write us. He has quit writing since he is married. Just forgot us in Seattle.

GEORGE O. GRISIM.
311 E. Pine Street,
Seattle, Wash.

'We Should Guide Others'

The Native Voice,

Dear Editor:

I have to remind the executive of the Native Brotherhood as the M.L.A. Frank Calder will settle this matter. Many people from Kitwano were born in different places and are unable to get their own benefits from their own forefathers' property. I understand that persons in any province have full statement for their property. We, the only people around this district, are discounting each others and it is a simple shame.

Though we did carry on making feasts for our foundation, still it

is difficult. The totem poles also are the chart for us.

May I ask that you publish this on behalf of the Native Brotherhood Branch?

Also, person cannot sell his lands and lots which he got to raise vegetables. Persons struggle for a start in all benefits. This transfer in the Indian Act is real cheap in us people—just like we don't know what we're doing.

We should guide others in not making people blind.

Well, this will be all.

JAS. C. FOWLER.

P.O. Box 407,
Kitwano, B.C.

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Noted Artist Joins 'The Native Voice'

The Native Voice is proud to announce that Jimalee Burton (in private life Mrs. Dan. Burton) has consented to act as Associate Editor for Oklahoma. The Native Voice is deeply honored with this development as Jimalee Burton is noted for her tremendous interest in matters affecting Natives and as an artist of her people who has achieved wide recognition.

Mrs. Burton's attributes are many. In addition to her painting, she writes poetry, studies and writes music. She has studied painting under several noted teachers. It is of note that Jimalee Burton launched her career from bed, turning to serious study while convalescing from an automobile accident several years ago. She spent eight months in bed with a cast on her neck and from that experience grew a career which has been recognized in the form of awards and choice of her works for many exhibits.

In a letter to Native Voice publisher Mrs. Moore, from her home in Tulsa, Oklahoma, Mrs. Burton writes in part as follows:

"Your paper has many possibilities and I feel sure it will make a grand success with such an editor as you behind it. We need such a paper, not only for the Indians, but for the education and enlightenment of other people who too long have thought of the Indian as shown in pictures, movies and on the stage in a mockish way, foreign to his real makeup.

"The majority of people know nothing of the contribution made by the Indian to our present culture in America. Investigation is proving that we had a civilization equal to that of ancient Greece, and in some ways surpassing it. Our Mythology is equal to Greek Mythology and quite as interesting. The great contribution to art, architecture, medicine, and foods developed by the Indian is being recognized, and the Myan Calendar surpasses in accuracy our calendar in use today. It seems that the things we were most lacking in was guns . . . with which we were conquered.

"I will be glad to help all I can with clippings, etc., from Oklahoma. I know a paper must have advertising and readers . . . your advertising must support you while your circulation is developing. Your circulation will only develop with interesting material, not only for Indians but all who are interested in Indians. Your paper should be in every school.

"The Indians of B.C. are fortunate in having a champion in you. Soon I hope the Voice will stir deep inside them, and awaken them to their great possibilities. We are the Americans.

"I feel quite honored that you have asked me to help you and will do all I can. Of course, you know, I am quite busy with my painting, writing a song occasionally, and other activities. I belong to the Oklahoma Poetry Society, Philbrook Art Centre, The Art Guild, and Southwestern Art Association. They all take time. But anyway I will try and get you some things of interest about our doings here. You would probably like a story about Bacone College, which is not far from Tulsa. I know the President and his wife. It is quite a good school. The pictures for Jim Thorpe's movie were made there.

"We also have the Gilcrease Foundation, a very fine Indian museum founded by Mr. Gilcrease who is an Indian. I will take you

to these places when you come to Tulsa.

"Have you read the book 'Maya Explorer' by Von Hagen? You would love it. I have a new book, Mask Gods, haven't started it yet, it came while I was gone. I am going to send you a copy of The Great Answer by Margaret Lee Runbeck — Chapter twenty-one is a story about me. I met Miss Runbeck two years ago with an art group in Old Mexico. In our travels we became quite good friends and she asked to include me in her book. She is one of our leading women authors. (She is not Indian.).

"Yes, you probably were a little Indian in your other life, for life is eternal . . . So you will always have that feeling and understand we never forget, and the higher we become spiritually the more we can remember, and not be confused by apparent physical senses.

"Any suggestion you may make I shall follow through. With my very best wishes to you, for your health and the Voice will be a very big Voice, and very soon.

Sincerely,
JIMALEE BURTON.

KLAWACK NEWS

By PAUL CHIEF COOKE

Greetings to all my friends of Canada and Alaska. Here is your reporter with a new, sharpened pencil and ready to give you news of our people and extend our hands across the border to you.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Chief Cooke on September 24 at Klawack Hospital. The boy weighed 7 lbs., 11 ozs. His name is Gary Don Cooke.

A Presbyterian Church minister has arrived at Klawack with his wife to take up his work at Klawack Presbyterian Church. Their name is Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Johnson. He is a full blood Thlinget Indian born at Klawack, though his parents were born in Kake, Alaska. About 20 years ago, the Johnsons moved back to Kake. Arthur Johnson's friends of his boyhood and lifelong friends are overjoyed to have him back home again.

Your writer is happy to announce that the community of Klawack has purchased a cannery through a government loan, and the name of the corporation is Klawack Oceanside Packing Company. Some 45 seine boats have fished for the cannery this summer and in spite of the fact that there was hardly any salmon, the cannery packed over 30,000 cases. That is good for the first year of operation.

According to the forerunner of the newspaper, there was a rumor that fair maidens from B.C. were employed at the Hydaburg Cannery this past summer. Ah, but that is the fondest wish of your Alaskan editor—to start this get-acquainted club by furnishing the happenings among our people.

Young Native In Hospital

A young Haida Indian, known particularly in the British Columbia fishing industry and by natives in other parts of the province, is in St. Paul's Hospital in Vancouver recovering from a serious automobile accident. The young man is Percy Gladstone, an employee of B.C. Packers' Imperial Cannery in Steveston.

Details of how the accident occurred are not clear, but Percy was found in a semi-conscious condition one night early in October and rushed to hospital where he has been ever since. His many friends will wish to know that he is showing marked improvement from his original condition of partial paralysis.

Percy has attended the University of B.C. for a good part of the time since his discharge from the Royal Canadian Air Force following the last war. He has acquitted himself as honorably in his studies as he did in his air career. He is a graduate of the university and planned to continue his studies there this winter. He has a great future ahead of him, which, The Native Voice is sure, will be only temporarily held up as a result of the accident.

Percy has worked in various phases of the fishing industry, spending some time on the west coast of Vancouver Island as a campman, buying fish and carrying on other duties.

He went to work at B.C. Packers in Steveston under general manager Ken Fraser and Mr. Fraser



PERCY GLADSTONE

holds Percy's work in high regard.

Percy, it will be remembered, won high honors as a pilot in the last war, flying many sorties over Germany. He was feted by the people of Queen Charlotte Island on his return from active duty.

Percy, as many delegates recall, was present at the last convention of the Native Brotherhood of B.C., and is, of course, a member of that organization.

The Native Voice joins with Percy's many friends in wishing him a complete and an early recovery.

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to make expensive engines last.

